

^Apra^Tl [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCM*  
*T&IPSUM 1 175*

Much like a subtle spidery which doth sit  
In middle of her web, which  
spreadeth wide; If ought do touch  
the utmost thread of it; She feels it,  
instantly, on every side!

By touch; the first pure qualities we learn,  
Which quicken all things, Hot, Cold, Moist,  
and Dry ! By touch; Hard, Soft, Rough,  
Smooth, we do discern ! By touch ; sweet  
Pleasure., and sharp Pain we try!

These are the outward instruments of Sense!  
These are the Guards, which every thing  
must pass;  
Ere it approach the Mind's intelligence!  
Or touch the Phantasy " Wits Looking Glass  
! "

And yet these Porters which all things admit,  
<sup>The</sup> Themselves perceive not, nor discern  
the things;  
ti?n<sup>g</sup>or<sup>a</sup>"      ®<sup>ne</sup> Common Power doth in the  
forehead sit,  
cSmon      Which all their proper forms  
together brings.  
<sup>Sense.</sup>

For all those Nerves, which spirits of Sense do  
bear. And to those outward organs  
spreading go. United are as in a centre  
there ! And, there, this power, those sundry  
forms doth know<sup>f</sup>

Those outward Organs present things receive ;  
This inward Sense doth absent things retain  
I Yet, straight, transmits all Forms she doth  
perceive. Unto a higher region of the brain;

Where Phantasy (near handmaid to the Mind!)  
Sits and beholds, and doth discern  
them all;  
phantasy.      Compounds in one, things diverse in  
their kind.  
Compares the black and white, the great  
and small.

Besides those single forms, She doth esteem,  
And in her balance doth their values try;  
Where some things good, and some things ill  
do seem, And neutral some in her  
Phantastic eye.